

*Verges.* If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

*Watch.* How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

*Dog.* Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it bays, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

*Verges.* 'Tis verie true.

*Dog.* This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

*Verges.* Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

*Dog.* Five shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verges.* Birladie I thinke it be so.

*Dog.* Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

*Watch.* Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dog.* One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Leonatoes doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adieu, be vigilant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Borachio and Conrade.*

*Bor.* What, Conrade?

*Watch.* Peace, stir not.

*Bor.* Conrade I say.

*Con.* Here man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bor.* Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

*Bor.* Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it driffels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

*Watch.* Some treason masters, yet stand close.

*Bor.* Therefore know, I haue earned of Don Iohn a thousand Ducates.

*Con.* Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

*Bor.* Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bor.* That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparell.

*Bor.* I meane the fashion.

*Con.* Yes the fashion is the fashion.

*Bor.* Tush, I may as well say the fooles the fooles, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

*Watch.* I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

*Bor.* Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

*Con.* No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

*Bor.* Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hor-

blonds, betweene foureteene & fiftie & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaons souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shauen Hercules in the smircht worme eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

*Con.* All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bor.* Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudio and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master Don Iohn, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

*Bor.* Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio, but the diuell my Master knew she was Margaret and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that Don Iohn had made, away vvent Claudio enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband.

*Watch.* 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

*Watch.* 2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve haue here recourged the most dangerous pece of lechery, that euer was knowne in the Common-wealth.

*Watch.* 3. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vycares a looke.

*Con.* Masters, masters.

*Watch.* 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters, neuer speake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

*Bor.* We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bills.

*Con.* A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.*

*Hero.* Good Ursula wake my cosin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Ursu.* I will Lady.

*Her.* And bid her come hither.

*Ursu.* Well.

*Mar.* Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

*Boro.* No pray thee good Meg, Ile vveare this.

*Marg.* By my troth's not so good, and I vvarrant your cosin vwill say so.

*Boro.* My cosin's a fool, and thou art another, Ile vveare none but this.

*Mar.* I like the new tye vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millaines gowne that they praise so.

*Boro.* O that exceeds they say.

*Mar.* By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth'd gold and cuts, and lac'd vvith siluer, set vvith pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round vvnderborn vvith a blewish tinsel, but for a fine quaint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Boro.* God

*Hero.* God giue mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

*Marga.* 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a man.

*Hero.* Eie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

*Marg.* Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not, wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady Beatrice elle, here she comes.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero.* Good morrow Coze.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, me thinks.

*Mar.* Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

*Beat.* Ye Light alone vvith your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall laeke no barnes.

*Mar.* O illegitimate construction! I scorne that vvith my heeles.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost fise a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

*Mar.* For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Mar.* Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

*Beat.* What meanes the foole trow?

*Mar.* Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts desire.

*Hero.* These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stufte cosin, I cannot smell.

*Mar.* A maid and stufte! there's goodly catching of colde.

*Beat.* O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

*Mar.* Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not scene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

*Mar.* Get you some of this distill'd carduus benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prickst her vvith a thissell.

*Beat.* Benedictus, why benedictus? you haue some morall in this benedictus.

*Mar.* Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet Benedicke was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat vvithout grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinks you looke vvith your eies as other vvomen doe.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

*Mar.* Not a false

*Ursula.* Madam, vv

*Ursula.* Madam, vv

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